

# Akala - Insert Truth Here Lyrics

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Truth  
Who knows it?  
Definitely not me  
And they say they do?  
They ain't said shit  
Look at their attitudes

Who Knows what the truth is  
Cos when im stupid enough to claim the exclusive  
Rights on nulling of the facts, bullshit  
Its just another attack, causing  
You to be pushed to the back, move it  
If you accept that you lack, prove it  
Skill's of your own  
Are you groaning  
Your tone  
In your phone  
Gonna add your pay to poem? homes?  
Accept my definition  
Of yourself then your in my prison  
Whos reality's  
Gradually  
Having me  
Casually  
Can you fathom the insanity  
Of believing the truth is held by a few  
And it ain't me or you  
Ain't no truths just points of view  
If it ain't known then is it still true  
And If God made scriptures?  
Can you tell me?  
What language did she write in?  
And if she picked one, out of the thousands?  
How is that enlightening  
For those that dont speak the language  
How they gonna understand it?  
Or is god that underhanded  
That he'd act just about as dumb as man is  
People just wanna feel important  
Reporting ideas of the truth extorting  
Those without nothing are the ones that brought in  
Look at religion its almost deporting  
Hard to admit that the world we're brought in  
We ain't got a clue what the fuck the force is  
That makes uncountable stars in the cosmos  
Easy like a painter doing odd jobs  
Accept that we dont know whats what

All gonna die anyway so whats lost  
Good, bad, heaven, hell  
Just ideas that are sold so well  
By all the people with power and privilege  
To trap us in fear, living like invalids  
C'mon look at the BASTARDS like  
Telling you to wait for the afterlife  
They Ain't gotta live with half the strife  
Fuck turn the other cheek, hardest strike  
For anyone that tries to take your power  
And use it in their way selfish  
Nah, fuck these cowards  
You're as divine as anybody else is  
Anyone that tries to trouble your loved ones  
That is the time and the place that you can buss guns  
Numb fucks livin' off trust funds  
Got us down hear struggling for nuff crumbs  
People end up dumb, killing over lump sums  
Look how quickly we become accustom  
To picture the paper that's pretty  
The price of a tenant to live in the city  
Life were defending has ever been shitty  
They write all the endings and never been with me

Look what they feed us, leaders  
Prophets a profit, think that they're Jesus  
Did Jesus ask for a church collection?  
Or drive a rolls royce with a turbo engine?  
Lines in my voice and the words i mention?  
Inspired by choice that of false pretension?  
Blinded by noise of the poise of pension  
Sang with my boys we are music henchmen (?)  
See? the truth i mention  
Beyond my own comprehension